

LOYD GEORGE MAY VISIT WASHINGTON

Will Sit in Council for Limiting Armaments, According to Tentative Plans

DOMINION PREMIERS MEET

By the Associated Press

London, July 20.—It is announced as provisionally arranged that Premier Lloyd George will attend the Washington conference on limitation of armaments.

President Harding has been informed of the desire of the Dominion Premiers that advantage be taken of their presence in London to subject the Pacific question, at least, to a preliminary examination here, according to the Times.

The Premier met together yesterday, the first time since President Harding's invitation to a conference at Washington, and discussed the question of dominion representation at such a conference.

Denies Opposition to Farley

Baron Hayashi, the Japanese Ambassador, denies that there is any question of opposition at such a conference.

Others, said the Ambassador,

"We may embark upon a never-ending discussion. The suggestion that naturally arises, continued the Ambassador, is whether we are again to bring up matters which the Treaty of Versailles has already dealt with. It is clear that such matters as Shantung, Yap and New Guinea, if raised, would result in a general conference on points that are already accomplished facts.

Invitation Not Accepted Yet

"Expressing my personal views, I believe that a practical solution of all the questions involved is possible without interfering with matters of principle that already have been decided upon."

Special Cable Dispatch, Copyright, 1921

London, July 20.—The Daily Express, owned by Lord Beaverbrook, a Canadian in close touch with the Government, through a leading editorial yesterday, warned Japan in the plainest language that Great Britain would refuse to support her in any anti-American policy.

"We are convinced," the editorial says, "that the proposal from the United States for a Pacific conference, was made without an ulterior motive, and in the sole interest of the world's peace. If Japan refuses frankly to associate herself with us in that view we shall be driven to believe that she harbors designs incompatible with peace. We are already agreed the American alarm as to Japanese armaments is justified.

"The United States like ourselves has given hostages in the shape of a fortune in the Far East. Her vast commercial interests in China and her position in the Philippines stand wide open to attack. Japan has given no such hostages to the West, and her expenditures for armaments are altogether out of proportion to the needs of her defense.

"These facts are significant. They compel the suspicion that America stands under the menace of an attack and if the suspicion hardens into belief the whole British Empire will be on America's side.

"In 1914 friends of Great Britain in America strove incessantly day in and day out to foster our cause. At the supreme moment they succeeded in bringing the great republic over to our side. The scenes have changed. It now behoves all friends of America throughout the British Empire to stand by her."

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THE DAILY NOVELETTE

Lilac Time

By LAURA REID MONTGOMERY

When Mary got off the night train at the quiet little town of Ellington she went directly to her home.

Had her neighbors known that she planned to return, there would have been many invitations extended to the lonely girl who was coming back alone after her trip abroad with her invalid mother.

The search for health had been unsuccessful and Mary had spent the remainder of her cherished holiday in money in buying her return ticket.

She had told no one of her coming, for she had been too heart-sick to write after her mother had taken the turn for the worse.

She had the instinct of a wounded animal to return to the places she knew; and as she drew in long breaths of the sweet country air, she knew that she had done the right thing.

The Meddlicott home was at the very outskirts of the village and only near one house, this was the Smiths' house, which was next door with large grounds and many trees about it.

Therefore, when Mary set all her doors and windows wide open the next morning there was no one near enough to observe. "I suppose some one will see my smoke," thought the girl as she

lighted the kindlings under the log in the grate, "and I shall enjoy the chats with my old friends. There is no place like home, I discovered while away."

She bustled about hoping to set the place in its usual spotless order before the advent of the neighbors who longed to see and it was nearly 10 o'clock before she stopped to listen as the morning train tore through the town.

"Why, Mary Meddlicott, why didn't you let us know you were coming home?" a pair of arms thrown warmly about the slim, blue-ginghamed waitress aroused her.

"I just came last night," she said. "I know how good you would be, but I just thought I'd creep in and get it over with alone."

Amanda patted her arm gently. "Well, you shan't sleep another night here alone. I'll be over again to get you for dinner."

"I've been planning all morning and I can't bear to think of going away to teach. I want to be at home and I'm going to open a boarding house."

"There are several people I know of now. The hotel has been closed all winter and the teacher from the village school is looking about now for a place to board next fall—and Mary wondered why her old friend suddenly halted with twinkling eyes and stood as though thinking. "And what?" asked the girl.

"Nothing," was the evasive reply. "didn't you feel afraid so far away from the other houses last night?"

Mary shook her head. "You know the Smiths' house has the name of being haunted. Did you hear anything?"

"No, I wonder why they don't rent it? Seems a shame for such a fine estate to fall into decay," returned Mary, a delicate pink staining her cheeks as she recalled the quarrel between the two families. The feud had grown out of a mere trifle, a ball thrown by Mary's little brother had broken a pane of glass in the greenhouse, and touchy old Mrs. Smith had fussed and nagged until the families were on terms of bitter silence.

Amanda, watching the delicate expressions flit over the young face, knew that Mary was thinking of the brown-haired Frank Smith who had been a childhood sweetheart and whom Mary had not seen for years. "Don't bother to set bread this morning," she said after a long pause, and she smiled to teach herself as Mary started confusedly, evidently the girl's thoughts had been properly focused upon cooking. "I have my baking in the oven and I'll start you with two loaves, just for luck," she added, descending the side steps.

Mary, her mind a jumble of thoughts,

hurried over her dusting. She wanted to get out into the old-fashioned garden and see the flowers that she had longed to see on her trip home. The yellow roses, badly in need of pruning, swarmed up against the square bush of flowering quince and trailed in long, horny sprays along the thick grass that was dotted with blossoms of pink and white clover. To the east Mary's eyes wandered and fell on the thick row of lilacs that divided the Meddlicott grounds from the Smiths' estate.

"There, no one has touched those bushes for years," she thought, recalling the old happy times when Frank squeezed through the bushes that she persisted in calling lilac trees, "those branches are growing over and spoiling my hedge. I guess I'll just start right there with my trimming."

Stretching lazily, she sat looking up at the turquoise blue of the summer sky and then jumped up and went in search of her shears.

Snipping away she worked steadily and there was a growing pile of branches as tribute to her industry when an abrupt sound on the other side of the hedge startled her. All her boasted disregard of the haunted house faded in an instant, and she stood motionless—waiting.

"What do you mean by touching my lilac trees?" The voice was masculine

and touched with a crisp annoyance, the voice of a man who was accustomed to obedience.

Mary looked startled. She could see no one, but the voice came from a few feet away behind her hedge. "What do you mean? Your lilac trees?" she demanded. "I guess—"

There was a crashing sound and a gray tweed arm made an opening in the tangle of blossoms and a pair of brown eyes peered through. "You sound mighty confident, but as I happen to be the—why, Mary, hello! I didn't know you were expected home. It ended with a glad note in his voice that brought a rush of rose to the face that had gone white.

"And I," returned Mary, "understood that your house was empty except for ghosts, so I thought I'd prune your lilacs for you. They are crowding my hedge," she added a bit tremulously as his dark eyes dwelt disconcertingly on her embarrassed face.

"There are ghosts in the house," he said seriously. "ghosts of old memories—ghosts of an old love that has never been forgotten. I was just about to close up the old house and offer it for sale, as no one seemed to know where you were or when you would return. The folks seemed to think you would remain in France, and I couldn't bear

it here with your home closed. Suppose, Mary," the dark eyes glowed and he took her hands in his, "suppose you come though the hedge and help me keep the ghosts away in the Smith house?"

"Perhaps I will," murmured the girl, her eyes starry with joy. "A ghost is an inducement and you certainly need help with your lilac trees."

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